His ſouldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guarde,
We maie ſurpriſe and take him at our pleaſure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie eaſie,
Then crie king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwike* and his friends God and ſaint *George*.
War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
All. A *Warwike*, a *Warwike*.

Alarmes, and *Gloſter* and *Haſtings* flies.

Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke
War. *Richard* and *Haſtings* let them go, heere is the
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwike* when we parted
Laſt, thou caldſt me king?
War. I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgraſte me in my embaſſage,
Then *I* diſgraſte you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alaſſe how ſhould you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vſe embaſſadors,
Nor how to vſe your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from enimies.
Edw. Well *Warwike*, let fortune doe her worſt,
Edward in mind will beare himſelfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbiſhop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* & his followers,
Ile

ſle come and tell thee what the ladie *Bona* ſaies,
And ſo for a while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exeunt ſome with *Edward*.

Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters to *France*,
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with ſpeed to ioine with vs.
War. I thats the firſt thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haſte awaie, and hauing paſt theſe cares,
Ile poſt to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Gloſter*, *Haſtings*, and ſir *VVilliam Stanly*.

Glo. Lord *Haſtings*, and ſir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know that the cauſe *I* ſent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a ſlender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forreſt heere.
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in the chaſe,
Now I haue priuilie ſent him word,
How *I* am come with you to reſcue him,
And ſee where the huntſman and he doth come.

Enter *Edward* and a Huntſman.

Huntſ. This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntſman, ſee where the
Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. *I*, *I*, the horſe ſtands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and ſo take ſhipping into *Flanders*.
Edw. Come then: *Haſtings*, and *Stanlie*, *I* will

Re-